FOR
Sunburn
FOR
Chapped Hands
HILL MANSFIELD'S
apillaris
POSITIVE CURE
OTHER REMEDIES FAIL.
ful,
d by 100s of Physicians
ding, Restoring, Purifying, Soothing and Healing Balm. Sold
NDED at Sweet's Pharmacy, 29 Park Row, New York, New
Boston, to any person not satisfied after 30 days trial.
dians' Endorsements sent to any Applicant. 26847
FOR
Luxuriant Hair
FOR
Salt Rheum
FOR
Eczema
FOR
Scaldhead
FOR
Baby Humors
and Itching Diseases
Of all kinds, Scalp and Skin, 1 to 50 years standing.
Engine.
EL.
Dobbins' Electric Soap.
THE BEST FAMILY SOAP
—IN THE WORLD.—
It is Strictly Pure. Uniform in Quality.
THE original formula for which we paid $30,000 twenty years ago has never been modified or changed in the slightest. This soap is identical in quality to-day with that made twenty years ago.
It contains nothing that can injure the finest fabric. It brightens colors and bleaches whites.
IT washes flannels and blankets as no other soap in the world does—without shrinking—leaving them soft and white and like new.
READ THIS TWICE.
THERE is a great saving of time, of labor, of soap, of fuel, and of the fabric, where Dobbins' Electric Soap is used according to directions. ONE trial will demonstrate its great merit. It will pay you to make that trial.
LIKE all best things, it is extensively imitated and counterfeited.
Beware of Imitations.
INSIST upon Dobbins' Electric. Don't take Magnetic, Electro-Magic, Philadelphia Electric, or any other fraud, simply because it is cheap. They will ruin clothes, and are dear at any price. Ask for
DOBBINS' ELECTRIC,
and take no other. Nearly every grocer from Maine to Mexico keeps it in stock. If your's hasn't it, he will order from his nearest wholesale grocer.
READ carefully the inside wrapper around each bar, and be careful to follow directions on each outside wrapper. You cannot afford to wait longer before trying for yourself this old, reliable, and truly wonderful
DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP.
1y31
1873. 1887.
MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.
WHITE PLYMOUTH ROCKS,
PLYMOUTH ROCKS,
WHITE LEGHORNS, and
PEKIN DUCKS,
OLD AND YOUNG.
A fine lot of chicks each variety, at very low prices. Order at once, as I have sold my place, *and must reduce stock.* Secure your breeding pens for next year at once. G. M. TWITCHELL,
July 10, 1887. Readfield.
ORRINGTON
POULTRY YARDS.
My Light Brahma and Plymouth Rock chicks each won 1st at Bangor, Sept. 20-23. 100 early chicks and 3 Shepherd pups, five months old, for sale. Please enclose stamp for prices. Address
A. G. KENT,
P. O. Brewer Village, Me.
13180
MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS
are the king of turkeys. Gobblers when matured will weigh from 30 to 40 pounds. Good layers. WHITE AYLESBURY DUCKS are the largest known breed of ducks. Gobblers when matured will weigh from 35 to 45 pounds. Good layers, and beautiful white feathers. Color, a rich creamy white. Send for illustrated descriptive price list. Address
12153 L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Court of Probate, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
THEODATE L. SMITH and ERNEST C. SMITH, executors of the last will and testament of PHILOMELA SMITH, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her first and final account as executrix of the last will and testament of MARTHA SMITH, late of Augusta, deceased, for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 4
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of WILLIAM GREEN, late of Pittston, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of CHARLES TRASK, late of Windsor, in said County, deceased, having been presented for probate:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed as the last will and testament of the said deceased. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Court of Probate, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
THEODATE L. SMITH and ERNEST C. SMITH, executors of the last will and testament of PHILOMELA SMITH, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented their first account as executors of said will for allowance:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed. H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
A petition having been presented for the appointment of Commissioners to set off widow's dower, on estate of FRANK MORRISON, late of Clinton, deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
MARGARET S. MURPHY, widow of EDWARD MURPHY, late of Augusta, in said County, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, in said County, that all persons interested may attend at a Court to be held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of December next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
KENNEBEC COUNTY. *...In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of November, 1887.*
A petition having been presented by the heirs of the estate of MICHAEL O'BRIEN, late of Vassalboro, deceased, for distribution to heirs of money in the hands of the administrator:
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of December next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.*
ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL.
THIS BELT
ELASTIC TRUSS
SENSIBLE TRUSS
is adjustable in every part, fits all others, is cut in shape, with fleshlined pad, which adapts itself to all positions of the body, while the ball in the pad presses back the intestines as the muscles would if nature had done her work. Will fit and retain the most difficult rupture in any position, day or night, and is certain. It is easy, durable and cheap. Sent by mail. Circulars free. ELECTRIC TRUSS CO., Chicago, Ill.
12149eow
PENNYROYAL PILLS
"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."
The Original and Only Genuine.
Safe and always reliable. Beware of worthless imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester English" and take no other. Inclose 4c. in stamps for particulars in letter by return mail. 10,000 Ladies' Names in every County. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Name this paper. Chichester Chemical Co., 1914 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by Druggists everywhere. Beware of base imitations sold on the reputation of our Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.
17049
$55 A MONTH and BOARD for Bright Young Men or Ladies, in each county. F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1643 716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
THE MAINE FARMER,
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
BADGER & MANLEY,
OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET,
Within two doors of the Bridge.
TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.
FREE OF POSTAGE.
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.
TRAVELING AGENTS.
C. S. AYER, J. H. FRATT. J. W. ERLEDGE.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVI. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1887. No. 6.

Farmers' Institutes.

Penobscot county, Dec. 26.
Kennebec county, at Clinton, Dec. 29.
Kennebec county, at Sidney, Dec. 30.
Androscoggin county, at Turner, Jan. 3.
York county, at Hollis, Jan. 5.
York county, at Springvale, Jan. 6.
Lincoln county, Jan. 24.
Knox county, at Rockland, Jan. 26.
Cumberland county, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1.
Oxford county, at Norway, Feb. 2.

The day for all pedigree and no animal is past, and ought to be, says a noted writer on stock.

The State Grange is holding its annual meeting the present week at Skowhegan, with a good attendance and a lively interest. See first day's proceedings on the inside.

Professor Plumb, of the University of Tennessee, formerly of the New York Experiment Station, gives the Maine Experiment Station the high compliment of having done "the most and the best original work of any station in the country."

B. W. McKeen, in speaking of the sweet corn crop of western Oxford, says it was unprecedented the past season. More was planted than in any former season, and it grew wonderfully. The principal drawbacks to its culture are poor seed, early frosts, and lack of skill in preparing the ground. The average money yield per acre was not far from forty-five dollars.

The Secretary of the West Oxford Agricultural Society, in reporting their annual fair, truly says: "Nothing injures the usefulness of fairs more than an undue prominence given to some particular class of exhibits to the exclusion of others. Any one branch, unaided by others, will surely suffer. Each is necessary to a successful whole."

We hear a good word of E. F. Ladd, our correspondent, of the New York Experiment Station, a graduate of the State College, class of '85. His reputation for efficiency as a chemist is such that in order to hold him the station has been obliged to raise his salary thus early in his service to a very complimentary figure. The Director pronounces him a very efficient young man and well worth the salary he is receiving. Our State College is educating lots of that kind of material.

Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, late Director of the New York Experiment Station, will sail for Europe in May. His plan is to strike the opening vegetation of the spring in Southern Europe, and journey north with the advance of the season. It is his plan to proceed from there to India, and so on around the world, via San Francisco, home. The trip is to be made for study, instead of pleasure, and will embrace such a period of time as may seem to be called for in making the observations desired. Dr. Collier, his successor, is already at the station, preparatory to assuming full charge the first of January.

H. P. Armsby, Ph. D., has assumed charge of the Agricultural Experiment Station in connection with the Pennsylvania Agricultural College. The station has been organized under the Hatch bill act of Congress. To the $15,000 provided by the act, the State legislature has appropriated $3,000 per annum for four years. This gives the station $18,000 per year for the furtherance of the work to be carried on. This sum is to be expended in making such experiments and investigations as may seem best adapted to render practical and efficient aid to the farmers of the State in the pursuit of their calling.

The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture has secured the services of Dr. Geo. A. Bowen of Woodstock, Conn., for a series of lectures before farmers' institutes this winter. The subjects thus far chosen are "Digestion and winter feeding of cows" and "Business side of farming and the value of co-operation." He will speak at Turner, Jan. 3, Hollis, the 5th, and Springvale, the 6th. Dr. Bowen is an able speaker, and is looked upon as one of the leading minds in the agricultural thought of the day, and has several times had a leading place in the programmes of the Connecticut and Massachusetts meetings.

A writer in the Rural New Yorker figures that there are one hundred millions dollars' worth of fodder wasted in the great corn states, and moralizes upon his calculations as follows: Turn this into products salable for cash, and the call for loans would certainly be greatly lessened. If by this and like economies the demand for loans on mortage falls below the supply of loanable capital, interest rates would come down by the run. It is as sure as that big crops of cotton and grain break down the prices of these or other farm staples. The effect of this law can no more be escaped by the money king than by the farmer.

It seems, unfortunately, a difficult matter for agriculturists to agree, even in matters where there is a common interest. There has always been a fight going on over contagious pluero-pneumonis ever since the disease first appeared in the country. Some have contended there was no disease, others that there was great danger. Some have wanted a sweeping law, others no law. Just now the conflict is over the matter of continuing the present law, where the stamping out power is left in charge of the Bureau of Animal Industry, with plenty of money to work with, or enacting the Miller-Carey bill, which failed in the last Congress. So long as there is such a division of opinion, it cannot be expected that a measure will command that attention which a united demand would secure, and it is unfortunate that this opposition to the work of the present law should arise at this time. It is difficult to see how the Miller-Carey bill, were it a law, could have accomplished more in the extermination of this disease in the same time, than has been accomplished by Dr. Salmon and his assistants during the past year. The alarming outbreak at Chicago, which threatened at one time to sweep over the whole country, has been effectually wiped out, and the disease is now driven into its old haunts, and is there hedged about more closely than ever before. Work so well done better be continued, rather than to experiment with other methods.

Agriculture in the Cabinet.

The meeting of the National Grange at Lansing, together with the address of Commissioner Colman at the same, has again brought the matter of elevating the office of Commissioner of Agriculture to a seat in the President's Cabinet, prominently before the people. For several years this has been strongly urged by the National Grange at its annual sessions, and their action in turn has been urged on or supported by many of the State Granges in different sections of the country. While fully agreeing with the idea that this greatest of all the resources of the country should have its representation in the Cabinet, we have not been in full accord with all of the arguments put forth in its support, or with all the reasons set down for demanding it. The session was not to be the least interfere with the main question. Commissioner Colman, in addressing the National Grange at Lansing, took strong ground against raising the office to a position in the Cabinet. His argument was that the department should be kept free from politics; that the elevation of the office to the grade of a cabinet position would necessarily call for a politician to fill the place. It is understood that he maintained the same position during the last session of Congress, when the matter was before that body for consideration.

That agriculture is preëminently the basis of the country's prosperity is everywhere admitted. That it should be as sacredly and securely guarded, and its conditions and wants as intelligently studied as the departments of defence, the interior or even the nation's finance itself, must hold true. Hence the importance and the manifest propriety of placing its representative in the highest position provided, and fully equal to those of the other departments.

The idea of Commissioner Colman that because a man is identified with politics he is necessarily disqualified for protecting and promoting the nation's agriculture, does not stand for a moment. Why do we have a Commissioner of Agriculture; and when we make him a Secretary of Agriculture, as it is proposed to do, what is the service we ask of him? Certainly, no other answer can be given to this than it is to guard and promote this great interest in the nation. We take the ground—and because we believe it—that this can be more efficiently done by a politician than by a man unknown in political circles, and therefore without political influence. The man who guards and promotes the agriculture of the country, needs must have much to do with legislation and necessarily with legislators. A man identified with political affairs and having a wide influence among political men, can accomplish far more with Congressmen than ever so able a man without political affiliations. It is not by instruction in practical agriculture, nor by peddling seeds, that a Secretary of Agriculture is to serve its interest.

Happily it does not yet follow, as would be inferred from the arguments of Commissioner Colman against this movement, that selections of Cabinet officers have been regardless of qualifications for the positions. We have men enough well known in politics who have sound views of the importance of agriculture to the country, who well understand its inter-State relations, its commercial importance and its intimate connection with the finances and with the credit of the nation, and among whom selections could easily be made that would give us an influential man and an able Secretary of Agriculture in the same person. With such objections removed, no plausible argument can be brought out why this great interest should not have its representation in the Cabinet. To this end the Grange proposes to work till it is accomplished; and so rational a move is finding many earnest supporters outside its ranks.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF

HON. FREDERICK ROBIE,

Master of the State Grange,

Before the State Grange and the public, at Skowhegan, Tuesday, Dec. 20, 1887.

Brothers and Sisters of the Maine State Grange: Our annual meeting brings with it much to cheer us and encourage us. It becomes the representatives of the Subordinate Granges throughout the State that so many Masters and their wives, so many husbandmen and matrons, from widely separated districts, have come together with warm hearts, to extend and receive the patron's grip, and to consult together for the purpose of presenting and advancing the interests of our Order, and thereby to aid in elevating the condition of the farmers of this State and Nation. I most heartily welcome you, and join with you, in the action which I trust this meeting may be profitable and harmonious, and much may be done that will reflect honor upon ourselves, stimulate our brothers and sisters at home, and confer blessings and benefits on all those who are interested in the advancement and success of our Order. Our meeting should not be one exclusively devoted to social enjoyment. It should be the hour of review for the faithful performance of our principles and purposes. Such an endeavor will secure moral and mental improvement, social culture, financial advancement, and the best and happiest and profitable agriculture; and thereby we can develop a better and higher manhood and womanhood among ourselves, which places us in the position to become the true copy of "the best nobility of the land."

THE ORDER IN THE NATION AND STATE.

The order in the nation during the past year has made substantial gains in many of our States. We have organized 197 new Granges, and added to our number many thousand more members. Rhode Island for the first time is represented in our National Grange work. The Order has been resuscitated in Nebraska, and we now have active and efficient work going on in Texas. In those States, which gives us the prestige and usefulness of a national organization of farmers. The financial condition of the National Grange is excellent, having at the present time a cash surplus of $10,000. The several official reports of the officers of the State Grange, my personal correspondence with Patrons, and an extensive personal inspection of the various ranges of our State, justifies me in congratulating you that the Order was never in so large and prosperous a condition as at the present period. I have recently perused with astonishment the numerical strength of our Order in each and all of the several States of this nation, as they appear upon the books of the National Secretary, and I find that the good State of Maine, which ever foremost, still continues to be the banner State in point of numbers; it is also conceded that our State has no superior in loyalty and efficiency for the interests of our common calling. It has been a source of personal pride that our Order has constantly increased during my term of administration from 8,545 to over 15,000 members, while in nearly every State outside of New England there has been a halt, or falling off of membership, while in Maine there are many bright spots, and many Subordinate Granges doing good work, increasing their numbers and efficiency, and exerting a wide-spread influence. There are places where the Order has come to a stand still, and there are not a few large and wealthy agricultural towns where the doctrine of Grange principles and purposes has been promulgated with no commensurate results. I need not mention localities, for the information is not specially obtained, but I invite more earnest and devoted work, that the fields everywhere which are open for Grange work shall be occupied, and good seed scattered and speedy and rich harvests secured.

The recent meeting of the National Grange at Lansing, the capital of Michigan, was an interesting and memorable gathering. The daily and evening meetings were held in the House of Representatives of the State House, and the use of many other rooms gave the Grange unusual facilities for transacting business. Brother Luce, Master of the State Grange of Michigan, and the citizens of the city of Lansing, were profuse in their attentions and civilities. The public and private buildings and streets of that city were beautifully and extensively decorated with flags, bunting, mottoes, and other evidences of esteem and respect, and the place of our meeting was made attractive by a large exhibition of the choicest flowers and plants from the State Agricultural College. The flowers were artistically arranged, and in a few instances creating appropriate mottoes. Two of the prominent citizens, at private residences, royally entertained the members of the National Grange, and other invitations were declined for want of time. The State of California gave a magnificent exhibition of the productions of that State, brought by the railroad in a special car, which occupied one of the tracks with each side of the Senate Chamber. The list of articles represented nearly all the agricultural productions of that great State, and was a wonderful exhibition in kind and quality of the vast agricultural and horticultural products of the Pacific slope. The State of Michigan also made a splendid exhibit. These exhibitions will stimulate other States, and in the future may bring out a greater attractiveness and usefulness of our annual national gatherings.

The meetings of the National Grange were honored by the presence of Hon. Norman J. Colman, Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, who took an active part in the deliberations of that body, and on one occasion addressed us on more than one hour, on the general interests of agriculture, in which he portrayed its importance in eloquent words, and pointed out the dangers which it has to surrounded. He gave the National Grange much credit for what it had done in aid of many important congressional enactments in favor of agriculture and the interests of the farmer, and particularly referred to the oleomargarine law. He warned the Grange to be active and vigilant against the powerful combinations of the large beef, pork and lard associations of the country, that were active with influence and money, determined to secure its repeal, in order that manufactured butter from pork and beef may more readily find its way markets without any legal restrictions, to compete unfairly with the honest butter of the farm dairy.

One of the most interesting and inspiring features of the meeting of the National Grange was the public reception, at which it was estimated that over five thousand Patrons and their friends attempted to gain admission. The personnel of the gathering and the eloquent speeches of the leading citizens of Michigan, indicated that the power of the Grange was appreciated and felt in that flourishing State. The closing exercises were honored by the appearance of thirty-eight young ladies, beautifully dressed in white, representing each and all of the States of this broad Union. Each young lady recited a verse appropriate to the State she represented. The State of Maine was represented by Miss Pearl Banks, and her dignified appearance was noticeable, and her distinct rhetoric drew forth rounds of applause. She said:

"The 'Border State' will give you spars
For ships whose masts will reach the stars;
And if you lack in the good cause,
Can furnish prohibition laws."

"FORGET NOT THE DEAD."

The memorial services were of the most impressive character of any that have ever been my privilege to attend. Sister E. H. Lipscombe of South Carolina, Worthy Lady Assistant Steward of the National Grange, a woman of rare accomplishments and personal worth, had, during the year, passed over to the land of eternal rest, leaving behind many dear friends and pleasant memories.

"The seasons come, and the seasons go,
And the sun shines more than the storm can frown,
The summer glows, and the winter's snow
But all the while our hearts beat low,
For the one whom we daily mourn."

Hon. D. Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina, for many years a member of Congress, always found in the front ranks for the interests of the farmer, an early and devoted friend to our Order, and for many years a member of our National Executive Committee, had also passed away, and a shadow of sadness fell upon his vacant chair. He was affectionately remembered for his zeal and christian life, and his active and efficient labor for the Grange.

"In God's gold afternoon, peace ye shall have;
Man is in heaven's sight his brother's keeper,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient; does the restful night."

Was gracefully and acquitted with them both, and bear testimony to their fidelity. Appropriate remarks and resolutions were offered in memory of the late Brother George Corbett Gibbs, whose lessons of faith Master of the State Grange of New York, also in memory of Brother W. H. Wilson, formally Master of the State Grange of Florida.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The importance and usefulness of the Department of Agriculture, and the value of agriculture at Washington, cannot be over estimated. The vast and increasing resources of this country demand an intelligent and faithful public care of its agricultural interests. The Patrons of the United States demand such a liberal appropriation of the public funds and protection as will best advance the interests of agriculture, which feeds and clothes the nation, and is the mainspring which sets in motion and sustains all other industrial and commercial pursuits. We demand that our vast herds of cattle shall be protected from the ravages of contagious diseases by prompt agencies, and the enforcement of wise and suitable laws at public expense. We demand that the Agricultural Bureau, and the Agricultural Experimental Stations, when supported by the Government, shall be as far as practicable under the exclusive control of the Commissioner of Agriculture, and that the agricultural publications of the Bureau be distributed among the States, shall be tested, and only distributed when found pure and healthy; and that such seeds shall be distributed as are adapted to the soil and soil and latitude where they are to be used. We demand that all information and knowledge affecting agriculture, which is eliminated by experiments in the various stations, shall be so far considered the property of the farmer as to be judiciously and generally circulated and made available through the printed page at the expense of the Government. This is possible, and is possible, in our varied agricultural productions, that care shall be exercised and information given, so that each section may know for itself and its neighbors, when and where other conditions different sections are best adapted; therefore, let the National Department of Agriculture impart such information and direction that will tend to develop, increase the amount, and enhance the profits of crops everywhere, and not lose sight of the best agricultural claim and merit to special productions of widely separated sections of country. In view of the fact that our country represents every variety of soil, and all the peculiarities of different latitudes under the sun, we recommend that the investigation and experiments shall be made, and protection given as will extend our agricultural resources so as to give to the American farmer practically the ability to supply and control the consumption of every article of food consumption which is now partially or wholly raised in foreign lands. In other words, may we not practically produce for ourselves consumption of the many articles which we now purchase of foreigners, and which continues to be the banner State in point of numbers; it is also conceded that our State has no superior in loyalty and efficiency for the interests of our common calling. It has been a source of personal pride that our Order has constantly increased during my term of administration from 8,545 to over 15,000 members, while in nearly every State outside of New England there has been a halt, or falling off of membership, while in Maine there are many bright spots, and many Subordinate Granges doing good work, increasing their numbers and efficiency, and exerting a wide-spread influence. There are places where the Order has come to a stand still, and there are not a few large and wealthy agricultural towns where the doctrine of Grange principles and purposes has been promulgated with no commensurate results. I need not mention localities, for the information is not specially obtained, but I invite more earnest and devoted work, that the fields everywhere which are open for Grange work shall be occupied, and good seed scattered and speedy and rich harvests secured.

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Can furnish prohibition laws."

"FORGET NOT THE DEAD."

The memorial services were of the most impressive character of any that have ever been my privilege to attend. Sister E. H. Lipscombe of South Carolina, Worthy Lady Assistant Steward of the National Grange, a woman of rare accomplishments and personal worth, had, during the year, passed over to the land of eternal rest, leaving behind many dear friends and pleasant memories.

"The seasons come, and the seasons go,
And the sun shines more than the storm can frown,
The summer glows, and the winter's snow
But all the while our hearts beat low,
For the one whom we daily mourn."

Hon. D. Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina, for many years a member of Congress, always found in the front ranks for the interests of the farmer, an early and devoted friend to our Order, and for many years a member of our National Executive Committee, had also passed away, and a shadow of sadness fell upon his vacant chair. He was affectionately remembered for his zeal and christian life, and his active and efficient labor for the Grange.

"In God's gold afternoon, peace ye shall have;
Man is in heaven's sight his brother's keeper,
And help his fellow to be firm and brave,
Faithful and patient; does the restful night."

Was gracefully and acquitted with them both, and bear testimony to their fidelity. Appropriate remarks and resolutions were offered in memory of the late Brother George Corbett Gibbs, whose lessons of faith Master of the State Grange of New York, also in memory of Brother W. H. Wilson, formally Master of the State Grange of Florida.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

The importance and usefulness of the Department of Agriculture, and the value of agriculture at Washington, cannot be over estimated. The vast and increasing resources of this country demand an intelligent and faithful public care of its agricultural interests. The Patrons of the United States demand such a liberal appropriation of the public funds and protection as will best advance the interests of agriculture, which feeds and clothes the nation, and is the mainspring which sets in motion and sustains all other industrial and commercial pursuits. We demand that our vast herds of cattle shall be protected from the ravages of contagious diseases by prompt agencies, and the enforcement of wise and suitable laws at public expense. We demand that the Agricultural Bureau, and the Agricultural Experimental Stations, when supported by the Government, shall be as far as practicable under the exclusive control of the Commissioner of Agriculture, and that the agricultural publications of the Bureau be distributed among the States, shall be tested, and only distributed when found pure and healthy; and that such seeds shall be distributed as are adapted to the soil and soil and latitude where they are to be used. We demand that all information and knowledge affecting agriculture, which is eliminated by experiments in the various stations, shall be so far considered the property of the farmer as to be judiciously and generally circulated and made available through the printed page at the expense of the Government. This is possible, and is possible, in our varied agricultural productions, that care shall be exercised and information given, so that each section may know for itself and its neighbors, when and where other conditions different sections are best adapted; therefore, let the National Department of Agriculture impart such information and direction that will tend to develop, increase the amount, and enhance the profits of crops everywhere, and not lose sight of the best agricultural claim and merit to special productions of widely separated sections of country. In view of the fact that our country represents every variety of soil, and all the peculiarities of different latitudes under the sun, we recommend that the investigation and experiments shall be made, and protection given as will extend our agricultural resources so as to give to the American farmer practically the ability to supply and control the consumption of every article of food consumption which is now partially or wholly raised in foreign lands. In other words, may we not practically produce for ourselves consumption of the many articles which we now purchase of foreigners, and which is American in its conception, and thoroughly committed to the protection and perpetuity of American institutions and the freeholds of the country. We therefore deplore the appearance of monopoly in large blocks of Western lands, and we lament the entrance into our American politics of the advocates of false and nefarious doctrines, which if allowed to triumph will deprive the farmers and our citizens of the ownership and control of the real estate of the nation.

The Patrons will strenuously oppose the dire evils and consequences of unlimited tenant husbandry everywhere, and will never desert the American and independent freehold system of our fathers, and we demand that our laws of immigration shall be so changed that the free and unrestricted immigration that now exists shall be controlled and properly lessened by wise legislation, to the end that we shall not be subjected to the perils and burdens of the socialist, communist, and anarchist, and to the anti-American influences of the miserable outcasts of foreign nations. We, however, welcome the honest laborer and good citizen, and extend to such the hand of friendship.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The connection between the Patrons of Husbandry and the Knights of Labor in some respects may be intimate, but they are not identical in their purposes and interests. There is a common sympathy between the farmer, the laborer and the mechanic, and that which elevates the representative of any class and brings to himself and family the greatest blessings of a free country, should receive the hearty co-operation and warm congratulations of the farmer. We rejoice that the mechanics and laborers of the country are organized for their individual protection.

Where capital is aggregated and organized, labor should be protected by the same methods. There is a common ground on which all can meet, and there are common interests which should be defended by the strong arm of labor, and no one has a right to oppose or retard the prosperity of the laborer than the farmer; but at the same time we must not lose sight of the fact that an unfair, uncompromising and unnecessary warfare against capital is injurious to every interest.

GRANGE CONSTITUTION.

I am directed by the National Grange to submit to your consideration the following alterations of our Constitution:

1st, Amend Article VII by inserting thereof the following: "A State Grange shall have the power to regulate the fees for membership within its jurisdiction, provided however, that the minimum fee shall not be less than one dollar."

Under National Grange, Section 2, page 14, Seventh Degree, lines 4 and 34 lines, strike out the words: "*National Grange, who have served one year therein,*" and insert the words: "*Order, who have received the Sixth Degree*;" and in the third line after the word "election," add the words: "*Upon the payment of one dollar.*" When amended, it will read:

"Seventh Degree Ceres (Charity) members of the Order, who have received the Sixth Degree, may become members of this Degree in the National Grange, upon application and election, and the payment of one dollar."

THE DANGERS OF CONSOLIDATED WEALTH, AND THE REMEDY.

The almost fabulous increase of personal property in stocks, bonds and other valuable securities, now aggregating thousands of millions, and in the hands of a small proportion of the wealth of the nation, and the financial operations and speculations for the past twenty years have favored the massing of immense fortunes, and the vast wealth of the country into the hands of a few. This has been a subject of much comment, and given rise to serious apprehension of future peril. The vast monied power of the nation, when concentrated upon the election of men who shall govern us, make our laws, and when used to direct the political policy of the public administration of the country, cannot fail to be a potent influence, and unless restrained and counteracted by the combined and well directed efforts of the people, and those whose interests are of a more general character, must result in serious evil. Labor, which no one suffers more than the owners and tillers of the soil. It is a difficult matter by any process of law to regulate, to any considerable extent, the wealth of individual wealth. We have no right to intrench upon the legal accumulation of individual property, however large, except by just and constitutional methods. There are, however, indirect methods which may help to ease the burdens which are borne by the people in consequence of the accumulation of property in the hands of the few, and which additional legislation may devise to counteract the methods and influence of overpowering monopolies. It cannot have escaped the notice of the intelligent farmer, how large a percentage he has just share of the burdens of taxation. The acts and doings of Congress and Legislatures, and the records of our courts show how much time and labor is given to the demands of corporations, personal property and class legislation more than to all other interests combined. Personal property, values in stock, bonds, income money, merchandise and other like representatives of value, have escaped a just share of the burdens of the government. The grand purpose of the Grange is the protection of the farmer against the uses and abuses of special class legislation, and the power of monopolies to secure the passage of such laws as will remove burdens and insure equal and the same right to every pursuit. To this end the Grange was established, for this purpose we are organized, let us be true to our code of principles, and adopt as our guide, the spirit of the language of the late and lamented Hon. D. Wyatt Aiken of South Carolina, which he uttered when he first joined the Grange: "I desire to connect myself with the farmers' organization that I may learn how I can best to assert them, and will defend them!"

THE DIGNITY OF AGRICULTURE, AND WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR ADVANCING CIVILIZATION.

The history of the world from the Mosaic account of its commencement through subsequent centuries and down to the present period, illustrates the truth that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." He was the first great Patron of agriculture, and placed Adam in the garden of Eden, and our earliest ancestor was thereby made a farmer. All along the pathway of centuries, there are central points toward which the march of progress through divine and human agencies converge and meet for grand results. Written history is full of remarkable revelations, and it is only necessary to read and study powerful agencies for the advance of civilization and progress. We are told that the flood once destroyed nearly every living creature on the earth, and we must accept the conclusion that such a calamity became necessary in the hand of Providence for the advancement of a better and higher order of things. Noah was a husbandman, and owned extensive vineyards. The Mosaic law from the hand of Moses was not a spasmodic effort, or the meditation of a day, but the concentrated wisdom of long experience and central point, and thus from its sacred teachings for long centuries have governments and laws received their highest inspiration of justice. Moses, in the wilderness, was a keeper of herd. The world moves onward, and the march of progress continually follows the unerring index toward great central points, where the most ancient and primitive, the historic and moral truths for the elevation of man. Experience tells us that the world has a right to live in anticipation of revelations and revolutions. Thus, nineteen centuries ago the great Divine promise was fulfilled by the birth of Christ, the consecration of the most remarkable experiences and events ever written on the pages of history, and this starting point there was a new departure in religion and law, the influence of which is progressive and will reach the remotest period of time. The Savior of the world was born in a manger, midst the surroundings of rural life, and the sacred mission of conveying the Intelligence of that great event was intrusted to a band of shepherds. The nineteenth century was remarkable as the central point of various agencies which was the consummation of the German Reformation under the leadership of Martin Luther. The thirty years' war of the Peasants of Central Europe against the power of religious centralization was the prime cause of the reformation.

As a eminent historian

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, December 22, 1887.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.50 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.00 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

☞Postage free to all subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. ATER will call upon our subscribers in Cumberland county during December.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscriptions for the paper.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Androscoggin county during December.

FRIEND J. H. PEATT will call upon our subscribers in Kennebec county, west side, during December.

MR. E. A. DUTTON will call upon our subscribers in Kennebec county (east side) during December.

Scotch potatoes are arriving in New York at the present time, at the rate of 30,000 bags per week, these bags holding almost a barrel each.

Seventy tons of Canadian turkeys were shipped from New York last week to England, so that while we import eggs, we export dressed poultry as well as live stock.

One hundred farmers' institutes will be held in Ohio the coming winter, as a part of the commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of the State.

Duster, the well-known Bangor trotter, died Sunday night, of pneumonia. He was owned by Frank Hight, and was valued at three thousand dollars.

Farmer Bennett's robbers, of East Newport, have been held in the court at Bangor in the sum of sixty thousand dollars each.

It is estimated that there were twelve thousand persons in the city, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of the late Gov. Bodwell.

The Oakland branch of the Winslow Packing Co. have finished work for this season. They packed and shipped about 300,000 cans of corn.

New York dealers have contracted with western parties for 150,000 turkeys for Christmas. These figures sound large to Maine breeders who grow comparatively few.

Mr. David Dutton of Sidney is the champion hog raiser. Last week he had a hog slaughtered, weighing 515 pounds, and for the past eight years his hogs have ranged from 460 to 615 pounds.

The importation of eggs for the month of October, increased from 1,500,000 to 2,100,000 dozen. With these facts staring us in the face, there seems but little danger of the market being glutted at present.

A correspondent at Livermore writes: We are now having our first real snow storm of the season. It has been snowing and blowing three or four inches having fallen. We have had a fine time for all kinds of out door work, and it has been improved.

G. J. Shaw, Hartland, has been elected a member of the State Board of Agriculture, by the East Somerset Agricultural Society. This selection is a good one. Mr. Shaw's well known connection with agriculture, and his wide business relations, will make him a strong and useful member.

Capt. Nash has issued from the office of the *Maine Farmers' Almanac*, Augusta, the full and interesting proceedings at the seventh and eighth annual meetings of the contributors to the almanac. It is well edited by Dr. Wm. McDavid, one of the most intelligent contributors to its pages.

The vote for a United States Senator to succeed Riddleberger was taken in the General Assembly of Virginia, on Tuesday, with the following results: Senate, Hon. John E. Barbour, 26; Gen. Wm. Mahone, 12. House, Barbour, 31; Mahone, 36. Barbour was declared elected.

The sale of the pacing stallion Aral, by Mr. T. G. Hastings of Damariscotta, to Boston parties, removes another of our speediest trotters from the State. This stallion entered the 2.30 class this season, getting a record of 2.28¼ at the State Fair, Lewiston, and could have still further reduced his record had it been necessary in order to win the race.

The Messrs. Gilbert are doing an extensive winter's work at Kingfield, where 175 men, 40 horses and 20 oxen are kept busy putting on to the landing, at the mill, from eight to nine millions of logs for next year's operations. This business, which is of so much importance to Franklin county, has been made possible only through the building of the narrow gauge railroad, over which this lumber and five or six millions of laths, shingles and clapboards are shipped yearly.

The special announcement of the Atkinson House Furnishing Company, made in our columns to-day, will attract the attention of all our readers. This enterprising firm have all the material for furnishing a house from top to bottom, and have such extraordinary facilities for procuring goods that they can afford to sell cheaper than the rest of the retail trade, who have no such resources. Whoever trades once with this firm will be sure to do so again, and will always receive the most honorable treatment.

As the advent of Christmas comes before another issue of the *Farmer*, we extend our readers the congratulations of the season, with the wish that all hearts, however heavy the burden they may be bearing, may feel the kindly influences that permeate the event. Happy childhood, frolicing in the sunlit land of pleasure and prospective hope, buoyant youth, before whose eyes flit the bright visions of ambition, manhood weighted down with the burdens of to-day, and old age dreamily passing into the shadows, with dim vision turned towards the setting sun—may all feel the rising of the Christmas tide, and hear again the chant of the celestial choir that awakened the echoes along the Judean hills, proclaiming the coming of the Saviour of mankind, "the bright and morning star," the hope of despairing humanity. And may he come with its full measure of blessing; and although as a State we sit within the shadow of a great sorrow because our Governor is laid low in death, let the thought of the resurrection from the dead of Him whom the day commemorates, the triumphant rising of Him who in his own person has abolished death and the grave, bring comfort to all stricken souls, and make this indeed a "Merry Christmas."

A large portion of our space on the first page is devoted to the admirable annual address of Hon. Frederick Roble, Master of the State Grange. It presents in a clear and comprehensive manner every phase of Grange principle and work, giving again the origin of this grandest of all farmers' institutions, an account of the proceedings at the recent national gathering; urges the claims made by the organization, and which must appeal to the good sense of all interested in agricultural progress; the sympathy of this with other institutions having many similar features; points out the dangers of consolidated wealth, and suggests the remedy; reveals the dignity of agriculture, and what it has done for advancing civilization; shows the great material progress made by this country, and the necessity of the influence of the Grange in our civilization; advocates the highest and most practical culture in all those elements that pertain to home life; and closes with pressing in their true light the claims of the State of Maine, urging his brethren to speak well of our goodly State, as it richly deserves all the good things that can be said of it. In the many excellent public addresses made by Gov. Roble, during the six years he has held the high and honorable position of State Master, none will be more highly prized than this, being the result of his experience and more mature thought. It will be preserved as a most valuable acquisition to Grange literature.

The State in Mourning.

We were able to announce in a portion of last week's edition of the *Farmer*, the sudden death of Hon. JOSEPH R. BODWELL, Governor of the State of Maine, which occurred at his home in Hallowell, Thursday morning last, at 5.30 o'clock. The evening previous the patient had rested well, the congestion had gone from his lungs, and his faithful attending physician, Dr. W. L. Thompson of Augusta, considered his case very hopeful, and was greatly encouraged. Wednesday evening he was visited by Gen. Tilden, clerk of the Granite Company. Tilden said, "Governor, you look better," to which the Governor replied, "I am better." Gov. Bodwell then dictated a dispatch to Mr. Lawry of the Bodwell Granite Co., in which he stated that his appetite had improved, gave his dinner bill of fare, and closed by saying, "I feel that I am on the upward grade." He was a little restless during the early part of the night. His brother Henry and his nephew, Wm. Bodwell, sat up with him. He had several short naps, and at three o'clock he got up, took his easy chair, and had two hours of quite refreshing sleep. At five he awoke and asked to go to the bed. After he had been arranged in bed, he spoke to his nephew William Bodwell, saying, "I guess I will have a little beef steak this morning." His nephew suggested that he have brandy and milk instead. This the Governor refused. A few minutes later he broached the subject of stimulus again. This time his brother Henry suggested brandy and water, but he again refused, saying that he preferred not to take either, so long as something else would do as well. A few minutes later he cried out, "help me up, quick," and after a pause, "get me into the chair quickly." His brother and nephew sprang to his assistance, and raising him, removed him from the bed to the chair; but this time as never before, he was helpless, and it took all the strength of his relatives to place him there. As soon as he was fairly seated, his brother started for a restorative, thinking that the Governor had fainted, but he had no sooner turned than he threw his head back and expired, his life going out as gently as an infant falls asleep on its mother's breast. The disease of which he died was neuralgia of the heart, the immediate cause of his death being heart failure.

When the sad event became known, it seemed as though the pall of death had fallen upon the community. In Hallowell, where he had so long lived, every one felt the sense of personal sorrow, and gloom and thick darkness seemed to settle down over the town. In Augusta, the Superior Court adjourned, and as the sad news spread, all the courts of justice assembled in every part of the State, took the same action. Telegrams of sympathy came pouring in from all parts of the country, from State governments and from individuals. City Councils, Boards of Trade, political clubs, and other organizations passed resolutions of respect and condolence. We cannot of course give these in detail. Flags were at half mast every where, and public buildings were draped in the emblems of mourning.

The people of the entire State seem to be mourners, and stand with bowed and uncovered heads, in the presence of the mystery of death. The voice of political rancor was hushed, the wheels of business ceased to turn, and all the people have been sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow. By this dispensation, Maine loses not only its chief executive, but one of the foremost and most public spirited of her citizens. We know of no other man who was so closely identified with so many business interests. He was President of the Hallowell Granite Company, the Milford Land and Lumber Company, the Boston and New York Rapid Transit Company, and was interested in granite quarries at Vinalhaven, Bedford granite quarry of Indiana, the Jonesboro granite quarry, the ice business and stock breeding, and numerous other enterprises with which he was identified. His character and purpose partook of the solidity of the blocks of granite from his quarries in the hillsides, becoming beautiful and symmetrical as these same blocks of granite after passing under the hammer and the chiseling strokes of the artist. He was especially the friend of the laboring man, because he had been with him in all his experience, shared with him his humble fare, and patiently and manfully toiled to attain the position in life which patient toil and true worth will bring. He knew how to sympathize with the laboring man, because his great mind grasped readily the problems of business. He initiated new enterprises, involving a large expenditure of labor and capital. He would weigh well the chances of success, organize the enterprise, and set the wheels in motion; and death found his hands and brain full of schemes for expanding the business and developing the resources of the State of his adoption,—the State which he had honored in citizenship, and which in turn had conferred upon him its highest honors. He was an approachable man, hampered by no superficial ideas of false dignity; warm and cordial in his greetings to his friends. He was always frank, free, courteous, generous, manly. In his brief official career as Governor, he brought to the office the same characteristics that were so conspicuous in private. He did not weigh for a moment what effect his acts would have upon himself or his party; his only inquiry was whether it was legally and morally right, and whether it would be of benefit to the people at large. And when fully convinced that the measure was right, he would be as firm and unyielding as his own granite hills. He was an intense American, the ripe, rich product of our hardy New England civilization and institutions. His life and toilsome progress up the hill of success will be a constant inspiration to the young man, struggling on the farm, in the shop, in the mill, at the work bench, in the quarries. In the death of Gov. Bodwell, the State is bereft of the services of a faithful Chief Magistrate, the citizen of temperate views of one of the most consistent upholders, the town of his residence one of its most enterprising citizens, his workmen of a just and considerate employer, and his family of a kind husband and father.

Joseph R. Bodwell was born in Methuen, Mass., in 1818. His father, through unavoidable misfortune, lost his property, when he was about eight years of age. The boy then went to live with a brother of his mother, Patriek Fleming, of Methuen. On the farm of his uncle he labored until 16 years of age. For another year during 1834, he continued his farm life, though receiving $6 a month as a regular farm laborer. Up to this time, young Bodwell's training, though rugged, had been just of that sort to fit him for a life of well digested and determined activity. In 1835, he learned the trade of a shoemaker. He attended school during the day, and on his return taking with him the materials for making shoes, spent his evening and the early part of his morning at work with the awl.

This mode of life lasted until 1838. Mr. Bodwell was then twenty years of age. On that year he purchased in company with his father, a farm in West Methuen; and for ten years, until his father's death, the two carried on the farm together. When farm work was not pressing he used to do jobs for others; and it was one of these jobs which put him in the way of being the successful business man that he was. The Lawerences of Boston were just beginning to utilize the splendid water power furnished by the falls of the Merrimac. Mr. Bodwell was employed to build a small granite dam from Pelham, N. H., for the construction of the immense granite dam which turns the Merrimac through the wheels of the great cotton mills of Lawerence. The dam was the foundation of Lawrence's prosperity; it had much to do with the development of one of Maine's most important industries, for while its teamster made the tedious journeys with his loads from Pelham to Lawrence, he become acquainted with the process of quarrying and working granite, and saw in his imagination a business which he thought would be better than farming.

He was not long in putting his information to use. In 1853, in company with Hon. Moses Webster, Mr. Bodwell commenced to work the granite quarry of South Fox Island, now called Vinalhaven, at the mouth of Penobscot Bay. Up to that period the granite islands, headlands and coasts of Maine were for the most part practically worthless. Mr. Bodwell commenced operations at Vinalhaven with one yoke of oxen, which he teamed himself. He even shod them with his own hands. But the business prospered; and in course of time a company of capitalists was formed to prosecute on a larger scale the work which Mr. Bodwell had begun. This company was called the Bodwell Granite Company. Mr. Bodwell was chosen President of the company, and has held the office ever since. Under his direction the company has become one of the leading business concerns of the country; and the barren granite islands and headlands of Maine have been converted into scenes of activity. The work that has been sent from them has adorned the cities of the land with the finest buildings and choicest monuments.

In 1866, Mr. Bodwell removed with his family to Hallowell. He had forseen that granite of lighter color and more delicate in texture than that which had been so extensively used would be required in the future. This granite is found in the neighborhood of Hallowell. It was precisely the kind and quality of material demanded for monumental and artistic purposes. After procuring control of these extensive deposits, he organized the Hallowell Granite Company in 1870, and has himself been at its head from that time until now. The products of these works have been sent into every State in the Union, and the works at Hallowell give employment to the artist as well as the mechanic, in shaping the monuments which go from thence to parks, battle fields and the squares of busy cities.

Mr. Bodwell was more than an active and successful business man. He remembered his early struggles as a farmer boy, shoemaker and a teamster, and those who knew him best, speak of him as a large hearted and open-handed man. Before his nomination as Governor, Mr. Bodwell paid little attention to politics. He has been a member of the lower House of the State Legislature twice, and has served the city of Hallowell as Mayor for two terms. He was also a delegate at large to the National Republican conventions at Chicago in 1880 and 1884.

During the whole of his career, from the labors of the farm to his service as Governor, he has been successful because he was untiring in his efforts and correct in his judgments and dealings.

On Thursday, Hon. Sebastian S. Marble of Waldoboro', who by the death of Governor Bodwell, became acting Governor, met the Executive Council at the State House, and on Tuesday Mr. Marble issued the following address to the citizens of Maine:

STATE OF MAINE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, Dec. 16, 1887.

It is with deep sorrow and regret that I announce to the people of the State the death of Governor Joseph R. Bodwell, which occurred at his residence in Hallowell, Dec 15th, at 5.30 o'clock A. M.

Telegrams of sympathy came pouring in from all parts of the country, from State governments and from individuals. City Councils, Boards of Trade, political clubs, and other organizations passed resolutions of respect and condolence. We cannot of course give these in detail. Flags were at half mast every where, and public buildings were draped in the emblems of mourning.

The people of the entire State seem to be mourners, and stand with bowed and uncovered heads, in the presence of the mystery of death. The voice of political rancor was hushed, the wheels of business ceased to turn, and all the people have been sitting in the shadow of a great sorrow. By this dispensation, Maine loses not only its chief executive, but one of the foremost and most public spirited of her citizens. We know of no other man who was so closely identified with so many business interests. He was President of the Hallowell Granite Company, the Milford Land and Lumber Company, the Boston and New York Rapid Transit Company, and was interested in granite quarries at Vinalhaven, Bedford granite quarry of Indiana, the Jonesboro granite quarry, the ice business and stock breeding, and numerous other enterprises with which he was identified. His character and purpose partook of the solidity of the blocks of granite from his quarries in the hillsides, becoming beautiful and symmetrical as these same blocks of granite after passing under the hammer and the chiseling strokes of the artist. He was especially the friend of the laboring man, because he had been with him in all his experience, shared with him his humble fare, and patiently and manfully toiled to attain the position in life which patient toil and true worth will bring. He knew how to sympathize with the laboring man, because his great mind grasped readily the problems of business. He initiated new enterprises, involving a large expenditure of labor and capital. He would weigh well the chances of success, organize the enterprise, and set the wheels in motion; and death found his hands and brain full of schemes for expanding the business and developing the resources of the State of his adoption,—the State which he had honored in citizenship, and which in turn had conferred upon him its highest honors. He was an approachable man, hampered by no superficial ideas of false dignity; warm and cordial in his greetings to his friends. He was always frank, free, courteous, generous, manly. In his brief official career as Governor, he brought to the office the same characteristics that were so conspicuous in private. He did not weigh for a moment what effect his acts would have upon himself or his party; his only inquiry was whether it was legally and morally right, and whether it would be of benefit to the people at large. And when fully convinced that the measure was right, he would be as firm and unyielding as his own granite hills. He was an intense American, the ripe, rich product of our hardy New England civilization and institutions. His life and toilsome progress up the hill of success will be a constant inspiration to the young man, struggling on the farm, in the shop, in the mill, at the work bench, in the quarries. In the death of Gov. Bodwell, the State is bereft of the services of a faithful Chief Magistrate, the citizen of temperate views of one of the most consistent upholders, the town of his residence one of its most enterprising citizens, his workmen of a just and considerate employer, and his family of a kind husband and father.

The private funeral of the deceased was held at his late residence in Hallowell, Sunday. At 10 o'clock A. M., the citizens of the place assembled at City Hall, and chose Col. D. P. Livermore as Marshal of the citizens' escort to Augusta. The Masonic Lodges of Hallowell, Gardiner, and Augusta formed in line, after the arrival of the special trains, and marched to the residence. Samuel B. Fuller officiated as superintendent of the funeral, and the religious services were performed by Mr. Bodwell's pastor, Rev. Mr. Giedhill of Gardiner, who pronounced a feeling and touching eulogy. Only the immediate relatives and a few intimate friends were present. After the exercises at about 12 M., the procession was formed. It was composed of nearly 400 persons all told, each individual of which, and not alone of the secret bodies, wore the fitting emblem of their grief in the form of crape. The procession escorted the body to the State House, where the most elaborate preparations were made for lying in State.

The casket containing the remains was borne into the rotunda and placed upon the catafalque prepared for it, the Masons escorting in double file on each side of the casket. Governor Marble, the Executive Council, and the State officers, were upon the opposite side, near the head of the casket. Then followed the impressive Masonic funeral service, at the close of which A. M. Spear, Esq., in behalf of the fraternity, gave the remains into the care and custody of the State.

In accepting the trust, Governor Marble made the following response:

In behalf of the State of Maine, I receive within its capitol the remains of its beloved and lamented late Chief Magistrate.

Joseph R. Bodwell was inaugurated Governor of Maine. To-day the portals of the capitol are swung open to receive his lifeless form, that here for a brief period it may rest before we consign it to its last resting place.

Living and dead, Maine honors this Nature's nobleman, whose character was as strong and heart as true as the granite hills he contended with and subdued. But in this hour of our great sorrow, there is one thought of comfort; he died as the strong man always wishes to die, with the harness on, in the thickest of the fight, and in the full vigor of life. He is dead; but the example he leaves of what a poor boy, unaided by, with only a strong arm and a brave heart, may accomplish, will live to cheer and encourage the youth of our State long after we of this generation shall have crossed "the isthmus between the two oceans."

He is at rest. Grandly has he fought the battle of life to the end, and we may devoutly believe that the words, "well done, good and faithful servant," will be spoken to him in Heaven, even as they are spoken of him in thousands of homes on earth.

And may God grant to us who are living, strength and wisdom to emulate the virtues of him whose body the State sorrowfully and tenderly now takes to its keeping.

At the close of Governor Marble's remarks the members of the Masonic order marched by the head of the casket and out of the rotunda by the back entrance.

The edifice had been draped very elaborately, under the direction of Capt. Geo. E. Brown of Portland. The whole State House presented a sad appearance, which only typified the profound sorrow of the State for the loss of the Executive whose life and character will be one of its most treasured possessions. Black draperies covered the windows upon the portico and the transom above the door, and as you enter the door you feel that you are passing into the house of mourning.

The fountain in the centre of the rotunda had been removed, and upon the site of it, between the four large central pillars upon a raised platform covered with black draperies, was erected the catafalque. It was covered with black broadcloth and decorated with silver fringe and silver stars. From the large chandelier above, broad streamers of black crape and white shibet hung about the sides of the room. On the right side of the rotunda, heavily draped in mourning, was a large crayon portrait of Governor Bodwell. The large pillars of the rotunda were encased in crape, and festooned with smilax and silver stars. The casket containing the remains was made of American silver, covered with the best English broadcloth. The casket was furnished with extension handles wound with silver braid, and fastened by solid silver mountings. The inside is lined with white satin. It has a three panel top, with round ends and edged glass lid with the following inscription:

JOSEPH R. BODWELL,
Died Dec. 15, 1887.
Aged 69 Years, 6 Months.

The floral decorations, deposed about the rotunda, were of the most costly and elaborate description, gifts from the various departments of the State Government, the Governor's staff, the Executive Council, the workmen on the granite quarries, and friends. In the darkened room the air was laden with the fragrance of these choice memorials. Overhead was the chandelier that cast from the six lighted burners a weird and lurid light just sufficient to reveal to view the massive pillars draped in black and the alternate bands of black and white cloth that drooped from the centre of the ceiling. The Capital Guards were on duty as guards of honor. The men were very soldierly in bearing, and the reliefs were made without any hitch or noise. The guard was changed every three-quarters of an hour, four men standing at the casket, two at each end, at parade, the rest on attention. They stood like statues, without an apparent movement of a muscle or feature.

At an early hour Monday morning the State House was thrown open to the public, and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity of casting one last, reverent look at the features of the man they respected so much in life. In the full glare of day, the scene will lose something of its solemnity, and few will realize how sad it was to gaze upon that plain catafalque and casket at night, when the coffin's lid was closed, and in which rested the little twigs of evergreen, so little in themselves, yet which were laid there by the reverent hands of men who respected and loved Mr. Bodwell for what he was. Altogether, it was a scene to be remembered, a scene at once sad and impressive. The features of the deceased wore a pleasant expression, and were as natural as in life. Some who looked upon the features wept outright, while many turned away with sadness, to hide their tears.

The corridors and stairways were draped in black. The Council Chamber, where the late Governor presided so short a time ago in health and strength, was also filled with signs of mourning. The Governor's desk was draped in mourning and the edges fringed with smilax. Upon the table was the Governor's ebony gavel, decorated with white ribbons. In the Governor's private room, the same evidences of bereavement were seen. The table and chair were in mourning, and the room looked mournfully silent and sad. Representatives Hall was also appropriately draped.

The State obsequies, performing the last sad rites over all that was mortal of Joseph R. Bodwell, were held at the State House on Tuesday. The day was one of supernal beauty, a day of summer skies and balmy air, let down in the midst of winter. The people began to gather in the early morning. Country teams, on wheels and runners, came pouring into the city in long processions, while every train was heavily loaded. Distinguished men, and men who were in the common walks of life—they were here, and they were here as sincere mourners, filling the streets, crowding into the State House. It was indeed the loving tribute of a stricken, bereaved people. Flags all over the city were at half-mast, a large draped flag hung over the passing crowds in Market square; many of the store windows were draped, and by half-past ten o'clock all the places of business were closed, and remained so until the ending of the obsequies. Half hour guns were fired at the U. S. Arsenal. During all the morning, a constant stream of people were passing through the front entrance, going to the left of the casket for a look upon the face of the man loved by every one who had ever come within his genial presence, then to pass out of the west entrance. It is estimated that fully six thousand persons looked upon the face of the dead Tuesday forenoon.

The funeral services were held in Representatives' Hall. At precisely 11 o'clock the doors of the hall were thrown open, first to admit the family and relatives of the late Governor. Mrs. Bodwell, leaning on the arm of her son Joseph, was dressed in very deep mourning and appeared much affected by the scene. Her young son Joseph bore himself with marked dignity, but lines of sorrow were on his face. The family sat on the right of the speaker's chair. The space on the left was reserved for the Governor and State officials. At eleven, o'clock Governor Marble, Ex-Gov. Perham, the members of the Governor's Staff and General Mitchell and Staff entered the hall and took front seats on the right of the speaker's desk. With them were General Stevenson and Captain Cobaugh of the Soldiers' Home, Adj. Gen. Dalton of Massachusetts and two members of Gov. Ames' Staff, Hon. James W. Bradbury, President Cheney of Bates College, and others. Following these came the joint special legislative committee, the city committees and delegates from various organizations throughout the State. The general public was then admitted, and every bit of space in the large hall was soon occupied, while many distinguished persons, who could not gain admittance, stood in the corridors.

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We must look to the same Divine Power which affiicts us and can bring us well, for future support and compensation. On this funeral day, there is a feeling of sadness and respect for our late Governor Bodwell's memory, and as his mortal remains are carried by a devoted people which he loved so well to their last resting place, recognizing the official request of our present Governor, Hon. S. S. Marble, I therefore request a recess to-day from 11 o'clock A. M. until 2 o'clock P. M., during the public funeral exercises of our late Governor Bodwell at Augusta, and that Nelson Hanscom, D. H. Thing, Rufus Prince, S. S. Gunnison and J. B. Hammond, in his county, are hereby appointed and constituted a committee to represent the Maine State Grange at the funeral services; that R. A. Barry, S. L. Boardman, A. J. Shuck, Sisters J. Scott Hobbs and Cousens, and S. H. Higgins be constituted a committee to prepare and present to the organization some time during its session, appropriate resolutions on the death of our friend and Governor, the late Joseph R. Bodwell. FREDERICK ROBLE,
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Lewiston Platoon 1st Maine Battery, Capt. Morrill.

Brunswick Platoon, Capt. Desjeaux, 1st Maine Battery.

The draped colors were in charge of the Neally Rifles, Co. B, 1st Regiment.

There were in the procession thirty-four hacks and forty other carriages, and the procession was nearly a mile in length. Before it started, nearly two o'clock, there was a immense mass of people about the capitol, filling the halls and porticoes, covering the steps, and massed in the enclosure on either side of the building. While the procession was moving towards the Hallowell cemetery, to the solemn measures of the band, minute guns were fired in the park in front of the capitol, and at Hallowell, and the bells of the two cities were tolled. As the head of the column passed the entrance of the cemetery the solemn funeral dirge and muffled drums alone marked the slow, short, measured tread of the soldiers. The scene was most impressive. So quiet had it suddenly become that the clatter of the side arms of the officers and the bayonets of the soldiery alone relieved the painful silence that pervaded the cemetery. When the center of the column was opposite the grave a halt was called, a double line formed and marched to the rear. The carriages containing the pall bearers, followed by the hearse, now advanced to the proper position. The casket was then taken to the grave, and with the strains of the grand hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee," alone broke the solemn stillness, the casket was lowered into the ground, and all that was mortal of the good Governor, the enterprising citizen, and faithful friend was laid at rest. The carriages of friends passed along the line of the military, the march was then taken up to the city, and the troops disbanded. All the arrangements were carried out most perfectly.

The Maine State Grange at Skowhegan.

The fourteenth session of the Maine State Grange is now being held in Skowhegan. It is a wonderful growth that the order has made since its birth within our borders. The low conception of Grange work has disappeared. The crude thought of the objects to be gained has been transformed, and to-day the order of Patrons of Husbandry numbers among its members a host of the most earnest and intelligent workers to be found in the State. It may be that there are camp-followers, who cling to the order for the financial gain that brought them into membership, but the large proportion have long since forgotten that low estimate, and are to-day working on a high intellectual plane. We wish it were possible to open the doors and let the reading public see and know the high standard taken on all the leading social and intellectual questions of the day. The admirable address of the Worthy Master, which we publish in full elsewhere, furnishes the best possible description that can be given of the character of the work done by the members. While the organization is for the farmers, it has come into possession of the class that read and think, and so make the work of the order tell for better agriculture. Wherever there is an active working Grange, one will find better homes, better schools, better farms. This much has the order accomplished in the fourteen years of its existence, and to that work it is to-day committed. The men, who with their wives constitute the working force, are active, energetic, business men. They come from all sections, and are the representative farmers of their several counties. Of these this State Grange is composed, and when the gavel of the Worthy Master fell Tuesday afternoon, fully five hundred Brothers and Sisters were in attendance.

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Items of Maine News.

...s. Clara Kingsbury of Frankfort re-...ly fell and broke her arm.

...rs. Annie M. McCorrison of Portland, ...Tuesday granted a patent for a toilet ...n.

...h the opening day of the new National ...k in Ellsworth, $15,000 were received ...eposit.

...harles Barrett, about 20 years old, at ...rk on the Union depot, Portland, fell ...n a roof and was quite badly hurt.

...The Mount Waldo Granite Company at ...ankfort is shipping a large amount of ...ving stones to New York, and has an ...er for granite to build Harlem bridge.

...During the high wind on Friday, schoon...A. Heaton, on the marine railway at ...ckland was blown over, doing considerable damage.

...The sardine factory at Brooklin, closed ...e 19th of Nov., having packed a little ...er 34,000 cases of fish, about 2,000 cases ...e than last year.

...The firm of James Andrews & Sons, ...one contractors and owners of the large ...ranite quarries about two miles from ...Biddeford, have gone into insolvency.

...Wm. C. Dickey of Woodford's Corner, ...Deering, fell down stairs Tuesday morn...ing, breaking his shoulder and splitting ...open his skull, living four hours.

...The Piscataquis Woolen Company of ...Guilford will enlarge their mill in the ...spring. Lighting it with electric lights, is ...one of the improvements to be made in the ...near future.

...Leslie Richards, son of Zealer Richards ...of Camden, met with a severe accident one ...day last week; while shingling, he fell, ...striking on his head and receiving a severe ...gash in his head.

...John Ross has 100 men and 24 horses at ...work on the West Branch and has 1,500,...000 feet of logs yarded. He is doing as ...good a winter's business as any operator ...on the river.

...As Mr. Elijah Robbins of Anson was ...driving his team in the woods near his ...house, he slipped from his sled and failing ...broke his left leg below the knee. He is ...now doing well.

...Waldo Cleland aged thirteen, son of ...William Cleland, of Robbinson accidentally ...shot himself last week. He was playing ...with a revolver supposed to be unloaded. ...The discharged bullet entered his head and ...he died last night.

...A. B. Neville is a lawyer who boards at ...Mrs. Haskell's on Lisbon street Lewiston. ...He was going up the second flight of stairs ...to his lodgings, Monday night at eleven o'...clock when he met with a mishap which ...may terminate fatally, failing over the ...stairs, which had no railing.

...John McConnell of Calais, had a narrow ...escape from fatal injury Sunday night. ...Shortly after midnight he fell over the ...railing on the west side of the North Bend ...bridge and struck on the ground below, a ...distance of twenty-five feet, upon his neck. ...Strange to say, he was not badly injured.

...Enoch Gilman of South Norridgewock, ...recently came very near being killed; ...while at work in the woods cutting wood; ...he fell backwards on his ax, cutting a gash ...about three inches long and an one-half ...deep, so as to require the assistance of a ...physician.

...Mrs. Charles Bedlow of Portland, was ...driving up the street with a child. The ...wheels of the carriage became caught in ...the horse railroad track and the horse ...started to run. All the parties were thrown ...out. Mrs. Bedlow received painful injuries ...but was not dangerously hurt.

...The New Brunswick railway has carried ...during the past three months 492,000 bush...els of potatoes, which is the largest quan...tity ever carried over the road in any cor...responding period in the history of the ...line. Of the total season's crop it is expect...ed that upward of a million bushels will be ...moved over the road.

...The following Postmasters have been ap...pointed: [illegible] Josiah P. Snow, Medford; Henry M. [illegible]land; Charles Currier, Jonesport; ...Brewster, Curtis Corner; Joseph A. Pierce, ...North Islesboro; Hattie A. Haggett, ...Addis

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Garnering.

BY ELLEN H. BUTLER.

The crops are in. Across the stubble
A whirling volley of snow drifts;
It brings no throb of want or trouble
To him who counts his full supplies
In rustling barn and cellar stored,
In gracious, ripe, abundant hoard.
And night with tempest hold their sway,
And fold the silent form away.

O, friend; who meets the bleak to-morrow
With honest comfort, light and cheer,
What storm, against the frosts of sorrow
And snows of grief, hast thou, this year?
Shall colder, wilder winter roll
Upon a houseless, starving soul?
Or wilt thou face the breaking storm,
Secure, content, and spirit-warm?

Hast thou the grain of patience, given
By months of summer growth apart,
The fruit of courage, sweet from Heaven,
The fires that fill a loving heart?
No blight, nor change of slow decay
Shall harm what God hath stored away.
No frozen death of white despair
Can steal on gratitude and prayer.

Ah, friend, thy fireside band is broken,
Without one strong, eternal Guest.
Thy toil is empty, with no token
Of harvest garnered within the inmost.
O blessed be, who feels the breath
Of mortal chill and cold; grim death,
And sees the last long night begin,
Knowing his crops are gathered in.

Christmas is Coming.

"Christmas is coming!" the children cry,
Counting the days that are hurrying by;
Dear little children, who live at home,
And do not guess what it is to roam
From morn to night with stockingless feet,
Up and down through the ice and sleet.

"Christmas is coming!" thinks little Tim;
But what can the Christmas do for him?
His home is a cellar, his daily bread
The crusts that remain when the rich are fed;
No mother to kiss him when the day is done;
No place to be glad in under the sun.

That wonderful fellow, old "Santa Claus,"
Who is never like a mortal, because
He is kept so busy in filling the toys
Into the stockings of girls and boys;
No wonder he sometimes forgets, you know
Into the homes of the poor to go.

But, dear little children, you understand
That the rich and the poor all over the land
Have one dear father who watches you,
And grieves or smiles at the things you do.
And some of his children are poor and sad,
And some are always merry and glad.

Christmas will bring to you many joys—
Food and plenty, frolic and toys;
Christmas to some will bring nothing at all;
In place of laughter tears will fall.
Poor little Tim to your door may come;
Your blessings are many—spare him some.

The Christmas bells will sweetly ring
The songs that the angels love to sing,
The song that came with the Savior's birth,
"Peace, good will and love on earth!"
Dear little children, ring, I pray,
Sweet bells in some lonely heart that day.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

CORDELIA'S CHRISTMAS.

—"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."
—*King Lear.*

It was a chill, November day. The wind came in fitful gusts—a raw, uncompromising wind, with none of the soft balm of the earlier autumn.

The early sunset time drew near, when a slender form in brown robes, not unlike the dusky earth the small foot was pressing, might have been seen gliding up the gradual slope of a country road that wound in and out among forests and neat white cottages. Its course was like that of some capricious stream, for very well it suited that slight thread in the rich raptures of nature's weaving. Indeed, the road lay in the general direction of a picturesque river, whose course was, for the most part, out of sight.

The girl who wore the dress of sombre brown, wore a thoughtful look also, beneath the shade of her brown hat. Her brown hair danced in rippling waves over her full, low forehead, and her clear brown eyes looked as if they might dance, too, upon occasions. But now a shadow lay on their placid depths, like the mountain shadow in the heart of a lake.

Cordelia Grey was thinking, and the subject of her thoughts had caused her a shade of anxiety; but we will not attempt to ascertain the exact drift of her meditations. It is hardly polite for strangers to become possessed of such secrets in so abrupt a manner.

The brown figure soon reached the top of the hill, and turned in at the entrance of a short and narrow avenue of trees leading to a broad lawn in front of a low, old-fashioned yellow farmhouse.

Entering the door of the ell, at right angles to the more imposing front, Miss Cordelia entered the dining room, where a pleasant faced, middle aged woman was preparing tea for the evening meal.

"Letter for you, auntie," she said, in a tone which, if heard for the first time, would have thrilled one like sweetest music. "Auntie" was used to it, however, and not particularly in the mood for one so only smiled and said, "wonder who it's from?" and was soon absorbed in examining the letter.

Cordelia went to her room and left her wraps, then came down to the open fire that blazed on the wide, old hearth. There was nothing striking in her appearance. Her features were regular enough, and her face, though not fine in coloring, showed a delicate flush of pink in the cheeks. It was the singular grace of her movements, and the charm of her sweet voice that had bewitched half the young beaux of the country neighborhood, and caused a pang of anxiety in the hearts of the favored sweethearts of the other half.

Cordelia Grey was a very bred girl. Left an orphan at eighteen, she had gladly welcomed the country home of her aunt as a haven of rest. Her father had been an educated gentleman, who gave his daughter all possible advantages. His business was sufficient to make them all comfortable, and even provided for a modest sort of elegance. But his wife was ill for a long time. His own death came suddenly a few months succeeding hers, and left his child with very little she could call her own.

Her aunt gave her a cordial invitation and a hearty welcome to this quiet retreat; and here she had remained for two years, making herself useful, and it seemed almost necessary to the happiness of the household. "Uncle Elmo," as Cordelia had long ago named the place, was the old homestead of the Greys. Here her father was born, the family genius, the pride of good, old deacon Gray; from here he had gone forth to school and college, and later to the great battle of life. He had married a gentle bred city maiden, and the homestead had been well kept in the hands of brother and sister. The brother had married and brought home a rosy-cheeked wife. That was long ago. One by one the family had been lain away to rest, until there remained only the children, and the girl, to cheer the lonely woman who had never married. If she had a particular reason for this, Susan Grey did not deem it necessary to explain. She was as a mother to the orphan children. Cordelia was a welcome addition to the little family, and she had spent much time in teaching the little cousins. They soon came running in, the youngest, a boy, the farmhand, who was a great favorite with them.

Harry was Cordelia's especial favorite of the little cousins, he was the youngest, and much like her lost father. Daisy had the stary eyes and fresh complexion of the mother she had lost. As they sat down to tea, Daisy began to tell her adventures, while Harry sat smiling.

"The old cow, Brindle, you know, Corrie, ran after me, and scared me almost to death!" "I do you know the girls have all begun to talk about Christmas and some say it's better than Thanksgiving, what do you think, cousin Corrie?" Cordelia was thinking of far different things, and Daisy, after a pause for breath, went on: "What do you say, Harry?"

"Harry smiled a little more broadly, and said, quietly: "I think Thanksgiving is nice, but Christmas is better, because it keeps better."

"O, what a funny boy! I like Thanksgiving; it is so jolly!" Aunt Susan here gave Daisy a reproving glance, and the child gave some attention to the nice repast spread before her.

Thanksgiving Day had been duly celebrated and was fresh in memory, with all the lavish abundance of the New England tradition. It was the last of November, and Christmas was not so very far ahead, and much planning was to be done, and many arrangements to be made for the little people. This was not what occupied the mind of cousin Cordelia, however. Her aunt seamed her thoughtful face with affectionate anxiety, that she made no remark. Aunt Susan remembered her girlhood a quarter of a century ago, and though she had no taste for high art and no ear for music, she had a sensible and sensitive heart. Cordelia had often to the post-office a half a mile way. She was in the habit of receiving a letter every week on this particular day, but she did not enquire if she had not received it. She did not say she was sorry to see her so thoughtful, when her walk should have made her so gay. Auntie was a wise woman.

Preparations were speedily begun in the village for a grand Christmas festival; and the obliging Miss Grey was requested to become a principal actor in several plays, while her sweet voice was an absolute necessity in rendering some old songs and "carols."

Aunt Susan watched her with much anxiety, but Cordelia seemed unusually gay. Her eyes assumed an unwonted brilliancy, and the pink of her cheek deepened into red. It was only at the fireside after some trying rehearsal that there were that look in her eyes that Aunt Susan had noticed on the day we found her coming from the post office with "a letter for Auntie." At such times Aunt Susan would say: "You are not very well are you, dear?" "Oh yes, Auntie, only tired with that last rehearsal," Cordelia would reply; and of course there was nothing more to say.

Perhaps it was only weariness that gave her that favorite look; but Aunt Susan had her suspicions. She knew that her niece had known, among other city friends, a gentleman by the name of Francis Carlton; that since her removal from her city home she had corresponded with this gentleman who had been traveling in Europe with his uncle, and finally had settled to finish his studies in Germany. She knew there was no definite engagement, and she feared young Mr. Carlton was not doing right in thus keeping up the correspondence. He was a young man of ambitious views, and though poor and dependent upon his uncle for education, he might yet desire to make what the world considers "a brilliant match." Cordelia had been frank in allowing her aunt this knowledge, and Miss Susan might have inquired for further information, but she trusted her neice's good sense, and awaited the development of the future.

Day by day the beautiful gifts multiplied at the touch of magic fingers, and gay belles and beaux assembled often for rehearsal. Perhaps their gaiety rendered many rehearsals necessary.

Meanwhile Cordelia had heard nothing from her correspondent whom she surely had the right to consider in the light of a lover. True, no engagement existed between them, but he had told her of his love, and asking no promise from her, had arranged for this correspondence, hoping that when his studies were completed, and he returned to his native land to practice his profession, she might look upon him with favor. Cordelia had employed her leisure moments in preparing a dainty piece of needle-work as a token of friendship, as she told herself, for her dear friend across the sea. She would send it just the same; it was only a friendship token. She made believe she did not care whether she received any word from him, only as a friend she would like to know how he fared.

But Cordelia was hardly her old quiet self. Arthur Southard observed the change as he walked home with her one evening from a rehearsal. She had been unusually gay all the evening, hardly able to perform her part, she was in such a gleeful mood. Her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes sparkled like dewdrops in the sun. Now she looked so pale and worn, and seemed so very quiet and ghostly in the moonlight, the feeling came over him that a breath might take her away. And what would the world be without her in it?

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Perhaps young Mr. Southard was more observant of physical changes, being the son of a physician, whom, however, his father could not persuade into the dulls and duties of that profession. Arthur had elected to be a lawyer instead, and was even now reading law with Judge Sanborn at the village. Cordelia had answered in Cordelia, however. Her aunt began to be worried over her capricious appetite. She was finally unable to go to the village postoffice for her letters. She sent her little girl any time she wished a business station on Christmas eve, or at the latest on Christmas day. Still no letter with the foreign post mark came over the sea.

It was Christmas eve. The grand church festival was to come off that night, and amateur theatricals for the benefit of the ladies' society the next evening. But our heroine was suffering from a severe nervous headache, she desired to be left alone in her pretty little bed, and she shed a few bitter tears of sorrow. Young and gifted, an acknowledged belle, tenderly cared for; yet she was very sad that night. She thought of her parents lying under the snow, and she almost wished she were there with them. But she was young, and these bitter thoughts passed away; and she began, one by one, to feel asleep, to hope for better things.

It was indeed a sad Christmas. The headache continued, so that Cordelia was unable to participate in the festivities of Christmas week. Loving friends called to speak words of sympathy, and many sent offerings of beauty and use. A bouquet of hot-house flowers came every day. The pain finally ceased, but the patient continued weak and listless. Her aunt, notwithstanding her protest, sent for the doctor. Stately old Dr. Southard! Having seen the patient, he prescribed some simple remedy, he said to Aunt Susan:

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A Higher Standard Needed.

The month of December has not yet passed, yet it is certain that the events of next year's breeding be carefully discussed. It is a matter of great surprise that so many are content to breed inferior stock, when the only saving in in service fees. Not from ignorance in this done, for no man lives who possesses a fair amount of common sense, but knows better than to breed to a second or third rate stallion, or from a poor brood mare. Many a man who subscribe for the papers, read them more or less carefully, accept the truths there laid down, and then go out on their farms and into their stables, and act against the better judgment of all successful breeders. This course is past all comprehension. It either tells the story of wilfulness, or of the contentment to jog along in the traditions of the past. Whatever the cause for such ruinous practices, they must be removed. The time has come for intelligent methods to take their place. It makes no difference what strain or blood one may select, that is a matter of private opinion. What is needed is that we turn our faces at once on the small sized, inferior stallions that are to be found in every four corners, and discard the use of broken down and diseased mares, and begin aright. The evidence of the greater value of good colts can be gathered in every community. Many a man annually from the lips of this very class of poor breeders, who constantly complain at their hard luck, and the low prices offered for their colts. Let us see where the gone for inferior horses to be put on the market, will not receive such. Having an educated taste for something finer it will not accept anything that does not come up to its requirements. What, then, will be done? How shall the State be rid of this poor class of horses? It lies entirely with the individual. The idea of getting something for nothing must be left behind. Unsound parents give us diseased offspring. You cannot grow large horses from ponies. The experience of former years should teach a lesson, but the year 1888 will see hundreds of farmers in Maine following the same course as formerly, and hoping that this time they may draw a winning card. This idea of chance needs to be cast one side, and we begin to work out the problem on a better basis.

If there is a tendency to any disease being inherited, or if the sire or the parents be below the standard, then breeding to such *must be*, carried on at a loss. The unprofitable results of such practices are to be seen on many a farm all over the State. The inferior, diseased mares must be weeded out, and a better class substituted. These small sized, light limbed, narrow gaited stallions *must* be discarded, and their place occupied by the larger and stronger class. This is the line of breeding that must be followed. The service fee is the one item not to be considered. The first and most important step is to examine critically the horses standing for service, and select that one that possesses the greatest number of good qualities. There is no secret underlying success. It is only the application of business principles to breeding. The colt bred from a horse strong in limb, sound in body, of good size, and with an easy stride, may cost, when dropped, ten or fifteen dollars more than the little inferior scrub. At maturity there is only the same difference, the expense of feeding and growing being the same. It takes but little time to figure out the result. The difference in service fees is an item too insignificant to be mentioned when compared with the market value. Why cannot this business like view of the case be accepted, and next year's breeding be in the line indicated by every right consideration? Diseases are transmitted, vicious habits show themselves in an intensified form in the offspring, and, in every way, there must be a constant struggle to insure any improvement. In everything there is seen that strong tendency to revert to a lower condition, and against this must we be returned at this native land to practice his profession, she might look upon him with favor. Cordelia had employed her leisure moments in preparing a dainty piece of needle-work as a token of friendship, as she told herself, for her dear friend across the sea. She would send it just the same; it was only a friendship token. She made believe she did not care whether she received any word from him, only as a friend she would like to know how he fared.

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To make good the loss sustained by the sale of Plumed Knight and Surprise, Col. W. G. Morrill of Fairfield, brings into the State a promising horse, by the purchase of the Kentucky stallion "Action." This horse is registered and standard bred, and was foaled in 1883. He was sired by Onward, he by Geo. Wilkes, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, he by Abdallah, he by Mambrino. His dam was Nubia, by Harold, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. His mother's dam was Enchantress, by Abdallah. Nubia's dam was Lady Limp, a daughter of Mambrino Chief. Action is a beautiful animal, standing 15¾ hands high, color bay, with black points. He has a natural trotter, having shown a quarter, when two years old, in 41 seconds, and is now guaranteed to trot in 2.30. The price paid for him by Col. Morrill was $5000.

At the stable of G. Smith, Monmouth, we lately saw some promising colts. One, fifteen months old, a black filly by Black Pilot, is a natural trotter of good size, strong limbed, fine head and a very attractive made animal. Her dam is a large bay mare, with black points, by Shooting Star, he by Flying Eaton. In another stall stood a five-year-old, bay, out of the same dam as the yearling, by Winthrop Morrill. This colt should be in the hands of some of our horsemen. He is of good size, weighs over one thousand pounds, has a very fine, easy action, and has been entered in the walker. Whoever purchases him, and he is for sale at a reasonable price, will secure a valuable horse, and one promising to have speed at maturity.

The familiar gray mare Surprise will be missed from the race tracks next year, and Charlie Dustin will feel lonesome when the bell rings and he no longer is able to pilot the old campaigner to the front. In his hands she has been one of the most successful trotters in the State, and he has proved himself a skillful driver. We hope to see him bring forward a long string of green horses another season, to take the place of Surprise and Plumed Knight. The mare goes to Boston, where, on the mile tracks her record, 2.28¾, will doubtless be still further reduced.

In the purchase of the four-year-old mare, Golden Age, C. H. Nelson of Waterville, makes a decided acquisition to his long list of valuable brood mares, while in sending to Bangor the two-year-old stallion by Hamlin's Almont, our eastern breeders secure one of the best bred stallions in Maine. We can't have too many bred like these.

Poultry Department.

White Plymouth Rocks.

Among all the breeds of poultry that have attracted public attention in later years, none have won a more enviable position than the White Plymouth Rocks. Especially do Maine breeders take pride in this variety, because of the fact that it originated within our own borders.

Ten years have passed since Mr. O. F. Frost of Monmouth, first began experimenting with some white sports appearing in a large flock of pure blood standard Plymouth Rocks.

Relying on the Plymouth Rock blood, and without resorting to any other, Mr. Frost labored for years perfecting the strain, fixing the color, building up the size, and strengthening all the desirable qualities. Other breeders began to be attracted to them, and soon their fame brought purchasers from distant portions of the country. Gradually, as they increased, new names appeared, until now they are bred by some in Maine as White Plymouth Rocks, in New Hampshire as Dirigoes, in Pennsylvania as Snowflakes, and by others as Puritans. The foundation stock of each of these was White Plymouth Rocks of pure blood, as produced by the breeders of Maine. To-day they are bred by thousands, and while a few cling to the names originating in their own fancy, the great majority unite in holding firmly to the only name that indicates what they are. Whether foreign blood has been introduced by others or not, cannot be known, but this much is certain, the Maine breeders have kept their flocks pure, and to-day the birds bred here are Plymouth Rocks in everything save color of the feathers.

This winter at the meeting of the American Poultry Association, a strong effort will be made to have this breed admitted to the Standard of Excellence, so that in future poultry exhibitions it may have an accepted and authoritative Standard of Excellence and scale of points for judging. An effort will doubtless be made by breeders of the same blood under other names, to prevent the adoption of the name by which they must be known, to indicate what they are, and against this every breeder of White Plymouth Rocks should use his strongest efforts. No valid objection can be raised to the name. It tells the story of what they are in the simplest manner, indicates their true origin, and sets the seal of superiority upon them. No breed to-day holds the place accorded the Plymouth Rocks, and these being true offshoots of them, must be known as White Plymouth Rocks in order to signify their breeding and merit.

The White Leghorns, White Hamburgs, White Polish, White Cochins and White Minorcas are breeds where the color has been fixed without disturbing the blood, and their merits give them a leading place, not because they are white, but because they are Leghorns, Hamburgs, Polish Hamburgs, Cochins and Minorcas. The White Wyandottes are another new breed, sports from the other variety, and if they are Wyandottes in fact, they should be known as such, and the peculiar color indicated to distinguish them from others. This is the true way to encourage breeding, and any attempt to mass a lot of breeds together and give them a new name, which must be meaningless, will surely work injury to the whole. The White Plymouth Rocks must go into the standard as such, else the name will signify nothing, and their peculiar characteristics be lost. The individuality of the breed must be maintained, and we of the State of Maine who appreciate the good qualities of this breed, tested them for a series of years, will be slow to yield the name that indicates everything and tells the story of its excellency. In the booming of breeds the points of excellence are too often overlooked, and right here it s so called fancy poultry breeder becomes an enemy instead of a friend to the great industry now engaging the attention of millions.

Li the years to come the practical hands of the farmer and smaller breeder must become the leading features with the specialists. The type of bird that best meets the requirements of the standard should be the one that will give greatest profit to the farmer. The work of breeding pure blood stock has spread beyond control of a few, and the struggle for supremacy must be in the essentials of practical breeding.

In this direction we note the fact that the White Plymouth Rocks occupy a peculiar field, and bid fair to monopolize a large share of attention. They possess the desired qualities to a remarkable degree, and as a bird for the fancier or the farmer have no superior. Recognizing this fact, the importance of holding firmly to their true name forces itself upon us, and all considerations looking to a change seem beneath our notice. As White Plymouth Rocks they must remain, to convey by their name the superiority which is theirs in breeding. This is the position taken by Maine breeders, and this will be maintained.

Chats with Correspondents.

"Would a White Wyandotte cockerel crossed with light Brahma hens be like to produce better layers than Brahmas?" I wish to combine laying and poultry raising."

No. The cross of White Wyandottes and Light Brahmas would surely be unsatisfactory in this respect. Out of such a mating we should expect to see white, black and speckled birds with no uniformity of size or color. The White Wyandottes are sports thrown out by the laced variety, which is itself a cross from a Silver Laced Polish. The color of the Whites is not yet fixed, and they do not themselves breed uniformly. If the laying qualities of the Brahmas is to be increased, then add a cross of White Leghorn, bred from stock noted for heavy egg production. This will reduce the size somewhat, and slightly increase the average egg production of the flock. It does not pay to try too many experiments. If the cross hinted at is attempted, then next year a fresh, white Leghorn male should be introduced, but always from families noted as layers. In this way a high grade stock may be secured that will equal or excel some pure bred strains. Careful selection and right matings with the Brahmas will doubtless give as large a per cent. of profit as any cross, and as there is no royal road to wealth it is well to give time and thought and study to the question of mating and breeding in line and for a specific object.

"How shall I make my hens lay? I am feeding all the corn they will eat, but they don't lay; seem fat. The stock is Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks."

If we stop and think that corn is 74 per cent. fat, it will be obvious that far-away hens will simply fatten when fed on corn. If we study the composition of the eggs we find that there is but a small per cent. of fat, but there is a large proportion of albumen and other elements. Hence the corn can only produce fat, and fat prevents egg production. To make hens lay feed a complete food ration for eggs. We find this in the oats, wheat and barley, and to a very small extent in the corn. The right ration of these will put the hens to laying, after first reducing the fat. Commence by feeding oats, supplementing these where each kernal must be hunted out of the straw or dirt. A warm mash every morning of bran, ground oats and cooked vegetables is right, cooked to the consistency of stiff dough. Feed to the limit of their appetites, and if they do not lay, then they are not profitable. Do not feed corn in the morning, but only at night. Feed the morning ration in troughs, and the night ration in the litter. Feed regularly, and at the same hour each day. Do not feed too much at noon, and have the morning meal light. Feed meat, bone and grit, and you will have eggs. Do not feed corn meal, as it is too heating. Feed oats, wheat and bran, and you will have eggs. Do not feed corn, as it is too fattening. Feed oats, wheat and bran, and you will have eggs. Do not feed corn